Ape-Gentle-woman,

OR THE

CHARACTER

OF AN

Exchange-wench.

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THE

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EXCHANGE-WENCH.

SHe's a Huffing piece of Puff paſt, or a bit extraordinary for thoſe queaſie Stomachs which can t digeſt a lawdy-Houſe, A *Crocodile* ſtuff'd with Rubbiſh, or the Scene in *Macbeth* reverſs'd, *viz.* a Beaſt in a Womans Skin, A Whore Maſquerade, or a trick the Devil intended to put upon the City. She's but one Story above a common Harlot, and when ever ſhe falls from her Shop, drops into a Brothel-houſe. Her carriage is ſo equally divided betwixt a natural Levity, and forc'd Modeſty, that one would take her for a kind of Morly'd Chriſtian, or a new interpoſition betwixt Luſt and Chaſtity, ſhe is haunted with laſcivious thoughts as with Ghoſts, and never dreſſes her ſelf without an abſolute deſign on her own vertue, her greateſt ingenuity conſiſts in curling up her Towre, and her chiefeſt care in putting it on, for to make it ſit right ſhe ſo bedaubs her Brow with Gum,

and Powder that it glisters like a *Woodstreet* Cake, or Ice dreg'd with Snow. Being an Apprentrice she's confin'd to a civil Garb in which she looks like a Fryer in a Peruke, or as the Devil would in a Monks-hood. When she's ready for her Shop, she is so for a Tavern; whither she's as easily invited a Batchelor to a Bawdy-house, or a Country Parson to a Sundays Dinner. She's as fond of a Treat, as the Devil is of a Quaker, and squeezing her Bubble by the hand, thinks she has got him as sure. If you miss on her at her Shop, you may find her at the Tavern; but if you suspect her Cully to be either poor or wise, you shall not fail to find her at the Bracket-house.

She's a critical thing to deal in; having more Rises and Falls then Pepper or Indico's: She's one Comodity at several Rates, partially dispensing those favours to one for a Bottle of Claret, which shall cost another a pair of silk Stockings, and a treat to boot. She holds the same League with Oyl-Men and Vintners, as the *City* Constables do with the *Counter Turnekeys*, or as *Subburb* Headboroughs do with the Justices of Peaces Clarks, who receive a snack for bringing them custome, she is so great an Epicure, that she sells her honesty to feed her Luxury, and pawns her very Soul to satisfie her Letchery. A Town-crack that Kisses for her Bread, and might starve but for her Buttocks, is a Saint to her; Both her habitation and her apparel like two friendly Sea-marks, forewarn us of our Shipwracks if we sail in that Channel: But an *Exchange Wench* like a fatal Rock hid under a mild superficies, Ruines a Man before he can say, *Lord have mercy upon us.*

But to rake up those Dunghills from whence these Serpents do proceed; the first you must know is from an Ale-house, and she owns her Original as the Poets say *Venus* doth, from froth, not of the Sea, but the tap, which being turn'd up in the mouldy Vessel of some gouty *Hostess*, lives there a Sack upon Carrion; Withal receiving additional nourishment from the æquous humours of her foul body in ten Months time comes to be drawn off but leaves such Lees behind, out of which the Devil, were he turn'd Chymist could extract

extract nothing but poyson) The Lump of Distempers being thus produced at eleven or twelve years of Age it is sent to *Hackney*, where she stays no longer then till she has attain'd such accomplishments of gather your Rose-buds, and offering at a Coopee, and then is call'd home again to learn the necessary ingredients of confidence and impudence, which intermixt with her *Hackney* imbellishments will sufficiently accomplish her for a, *What d'ye want Sir, Bands or Cravats.*

The second springs from a lean Vicaridge, whose small Benefice and the fear of Widdow-hood, prove such prevalent Padlocks to obstruct enjoyment that the good folks are fain to lye as quiet in Bed as Statues on tomb stones, till they have contracted a raging lust which scorns Oppositions, then they eagerly fall to, never desisting till they beget a perfect *Inheritrix* of those *Venereall* Delights. She is spritely beyond immagination, and scornes the little *Artifices* of Boarding, or Dancing School should teach her impudence, being naturally addicted to that Air and Gayetie, which others can't attain without the expence of time and Money: By a particular prerogative derived from her Parents, she anticipates her age, and becomes full fledg'd before her contemporary can get Pen feathered; her Father studying her inclinations, finding them right, being willing to put her to a Trade agreeable to her humour, wisely designs her for the *Exchange.*

The third Dunghil which helps to populate this famous Academy, is the broken Phanatic, and she who comes from hence is a thing sprung up by Providence, her Father being busied in the late Civil War, her Mother made bold with the brethren; if they were but Phanaticks she was for them, let them be Independants, and Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy or Quakers. She had more Religions in her Belly than would furnish a Library, of which should her daughter retain but a Tenet for every Father, I would defie any Language to give her Heresie a Name. She was intended for a Gentlewoman, but now her Father being stript of his Bishops Lands and knowing her too stout for a Chamber-Maid, resolves to send her to the Exchange.

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Thus having acquainted you with their Etymology, I will jumble them together, (for I think there is not a T---- to chuse) and give you their description in general.

An *Exchange Wench* is a kind of standing Harlot, whom you may as certainly have at her Shop as a Porter at a Corner, and as willing they are to be employ'd, if they follow either their Parents example, or their own Education, you see they have no antipathy to any Vice; but as for Whoring they go to it *Cum Privilegio*, and esteem it one of the necessariest Utensils of their trade. A little before they're bound, the Mistris gives out to all her Merchant Customers that she has a fresh Face a coming, which makes them flock to her Shop, as to an *East-India* Sale, and bid as fast for her Apprentices Maiden-head as if it were to be sold by Inch of Candle, and indeed 'tis little less, he always carrying it that bids most for it, whether he be *Turk* or *Jew*. When the bargain is concluded on, she tells the Girl she must study to be obliging to all her Customers, especially to Mr. —— (meaning him with whom she has contracted for her Maiden-head) acquaints her that he's a Person of great Worth, and of so sweet a disposition! that if he does but fancy her, 'tis twenty to one but he'll make her a Woman (a Whore she means) for ever; and withal tells her she must carry his Linnen to his Chamber to-morrow morning, the silly Girl makes her a Country Curtesie, and promises her to be complaysant to all his civil desires. But he soon spoyls her exception, for having laid an Ambush of two or three Bottles of Wine, a Neats tongue, and a little good Language, raising her desires with a little ob-Scene description of the sweets of enjoyment, he tells her the craving Bed invites them to action, where after he has enjoyed her a half an hours time sends her home as honest as her Neighbours.

After she has been us'd so often, that she's relinquished by the Masters, she begins to grow subtle, and resolves to revenge her self on their Prentices, of whose company she was food as a Gamester of Bubble, and with her utmost debauches and ruines him at the same time. When he visits her at her Shop, she commends

the

r, Play-houses, *Spring-Garden*, and the Par, and evern desist[illegible] some has got the Cully to coach her to one of them. While-ony are abroad, she admits hands and Lips fair play, and only reth ves the last favour for his ruine, if she lays hold of his Water'd gusset *Jacobus*, she taes it in jest, and keeps it in earnest, soo nigh ellilit, but as an earnest for that dear-bought pleasure he intends to pthease, in this Jollity she forgets not to enquire whether he rehs Cash, which if she find he do, she computes to her self how ponit will last. She exceeds a Par in policy as much as a upod Husband does a flaunting Prodigal, ever calculating the properisty, and protracting the destruction of her Bubble, till she's assoced of another to supply his place, and then as if she repented her unrmer mildness, like a Lyon arrived at his cruel Age, she falls on, and devours the *Puppy* she has play'd with before.

In short her smiles are more treacherous then a Crocadiles tears, and her dalliances more dangerous then the imbraces of a Serpent. She has as many Gallants as acquaintance, and whilst she prostitutes her body to one of them swears by her Soul she was never concern'd with the rest, which the Bubble believes, till meeting with some of his Brother-*Starlings* (for by this time she has ruin'd most of them) and comparing Notes, they are fully convinc'd she hath been equally perfidious to them all. This discovery renders her notorious and totally divests her of her City acquaintance, so that wanting the convenience of her former Jnu[illegible]ets, and being by an accustomated lewdness rendred uncapable of confining to the stricter method of a civil Life, her Rigging too beginning to be scandalous she quits the City to seek relief in the Fields, where she petitions the Bawds for their Letters of commendation to *Mell* — who thereupon most graciously receive her into the Society of her Hac[illegible]neys, where like a Phœnix she blazes till she's almo consumed and then turned out of Doors carries such a *Virago* along with her, one may smell her from Inle to *Kings-land*.

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The Apology.

As in most Prologues, Poets shew their Wit,
In railing Gen'rally at all the pit,
Although they know their's some of such esteem
They would not speak an evil word of them.
So Ladies, when I writ this character
As for the Vertuous I design'd not her
I only aim'd at the Lascivious guilt;
So she that takes Exception shews her guilt.
But you would all be modest . . . pray be so
For then 'tis sure your Conversation's without.

FINIS.